

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, February 12, 1964 WHD

The day began with the arrival of the Douglas Hume's at 10:40 this morning. We met them out at the helicopter pad. Mrs. Douglas Hume, tall composed and ~~poised~~ and very pleasant looking and in a green suit, landed amid the drifting snow that always comes down after a helicopter has landed in the snow. I almost forgot to give her the big bouquet of roses I was carrying for her. We made our way down the line of assorted greeting committee, shaking hands and then went through the White House and up to the front portico. There, and it really was a beautifully dramatic place for a welcoming ceremony, out in front were all the 50 flags of our states, flapping snappily in the breeze and men the military/at attention, the two national anthems, a group of interested ^{sight} ~~seers~~ later on, ~~that~~ I found out that they were on a women's commission waiting to see my husband, craning their necks over on the left side, and the British and American parties. What would we do without those people that go around pinning down ^[over] the floor - or rather pasting down on the floor - your proper name tags at exactly the spot where you are to stand. It makes things so simple for us.

Prime Minister Hume, whose dignity, and also sense of amusement seems undaunted by the possibility, almost a certainty that he will be ousted ~~xxxx~~ at the next election that will take place in the next five months, made a pleasant and adequate speech, and so did Lyndon, and then we ~~xx~~ bid them goodbye and dispatched them into their limousines and they drove off into the frosty air.

Then I walked over to the Fish Room, where a Citizens' Advisory Council on the Status of Women was holding its session and waiting to meet Lyndon.

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I saw a lot of old friends, Margaret Hickey, Senior editor of the Ladies Home Journal; ubiquitous Esther Peterson, and Anna Roosevelt Halstead, daughter of President Roosevelt. This is what is sort of left over from the President Kennedy's Commission on the Status of Women. ^W Was there ever a Commission or Committee that really came to the dead end, [?] this one now is making its business trying to locate and recommend useful, ⁼ talented women for possible use in government. I shook hands all around and took the opportunity to ask Anna if she would drop over for a cup of tea, which she did.

About 4:30 that afternoon, Billy Marcus of Dallas, ^e arrived after having done a tour of the White House with Wendy, and right very soon behind her Anna Roosevelt Halstead. We sat down to tea and good conversation. Mrs. Halstead told me how she had come to spend the last year and a half of her father's life here in the White House with him. I gather it was sort of to fill in the needs for him that only a member of a family could do. She said she lived in the Lincoln Room while she was here and that the room ~~was~~ next door had been the room for her little boy, that I gathered at that time was five or six. ^{Sister} ~~Sister~~ and Buzzy, the older children - the much better known children, the youngsters of the President Roosevelt's early days, were already out and gone to school.

And the Lincoln furniture itself ^{it} appears ^e was in a room right [off] where one gets off the second floor elevator, and what is now partly the dining room. But she is such I gathered that there was no partition there at that time. ~~Which~~ is an interesting, vital person and it was hard to keep her pinned down to reminiscences

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of the Roosevelt days, which is what I really wanted to do best, except that one thing she said, ^{— she said} after a certain encounter with her father, [—] she looked up at him and then said, "Father, you can relax, I'm taking no notes and I'll never write a book." Then she told us about how she had spent about four years with her husband in Iran, on I believe it was a Medical Fulbright Scholarship, with which he worked in the hospitals and in the villages. Her picture was not too encouraging, although she admitted she believed that the Shah was trying, but she thought the obstacles apparently were pretty darn heavy against him. For one thing, there was one time when she had been treated very hospitably and royally and returned home to the United States on a visit. In the meantime, her mother, the traveling Mrs. Roosevelt, had gone to Israel and made a speech in which she made some highly complimentary remarks about Israel and some not so complimentary about the "semi-policed" state of Iran. And when Anna got back, she was told that she was not welcome. I suppose you get as many different pictures of it as people that you talk to. It was fun having an hour or so visit with her and ^{Billie} ~~Betty~~ although I hardly got in a word in edge-wise with Billie about Dallas and our few friends there but enough to hear her say how fond she was of Luci and how close Luci and Wendy had grown.

Later on, the Bill White^s came to dinner and we sat around and had a good talk about his book and about Lyndon's reasons for having ^{started} ~~to bother~~ going to church.

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My reason being, quite simply, that he knew that anybody who lived in the house he live~~d~~ⁱⁿ, and sat at the desk he sat at, needed help more than man's. And oddly enough, the second reason, ^{was} that nobody could any longer accuse him of going to church for political reasons, of being a ~~demagogue~~ ^{demagogue}, because he was already there, he was already at the top, so to speak. Bill added, and this was funny coming from Bill - "I think there's another reason - I think he wants to set a good example." Fine and laudible reason, but hardly what I had expected from Bill.

As always, it was one of the most relaxed and pleasant evenings we ever have, with just them. It's difficult to find a couple that as equally stimulating; both the man and his wife, and that you can feel utterly free and easy around, and that haven't changed since you got into this job.